

# The Skywalk

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Summary: Swearing on the Angel is dangerous. This is what Clary has learnt. She hated Jace. Because of one swear she has to do something that she dreads. That to, to Jace. All because of one stupid mistake.

## 1. Chapter 1

### Chapter 1- The near death experience

I was tired. Like really tired, exhausted, weary, you name it. I'd had a long day at school. At this time all I could think of was how much school sucked and how much I wanted to sleep on her bed which seemed to be welcoming her. I guess playing Dungeons and Dragons the whole night with Simon didn't really help. The teachers kept droning on and on about some useless things which didn't even matter. Like, in Physics class, we were learning about the Law of Gravitation. I mean, who the hell wanted to know why you are stuck to the ground as long as you're not flying away? She'd been caught sleeping in class. The teacher had made me stay back to complete all the assignments she'd not done.

As if we even do so much work she had thought bitterly towards the teacher. Most people knew better than to annoy her when she's sleepy because of personal encounters. Apparently, the teacher hadn't known or he didn't care. Clary suspected the latter. On top of all this work, she'd been subjected to some serious bullying by none other than Jace Herondale and his sidekicks. Jace was an attractive person. With his golden hair, golden eyesâ€¦ basically everything golden, and with the body of a Greek God, you could call him beautiful. He was the Golden Boy of the school.

Seeing her attitude against many others, she knew she had it in herself to stop the bullying. She was quite capable of standing up for herself alone. Why she couldn't do step up, she didn't understand. In front of Jace, her mind stopped working. She went

blank. It was like her brain fell out of her body. All this was due to him. His smile, whether sly or real made her legs feel like jelly. Actually, he always smirked. Clary could see that this was just a facade he put up to hide his sadness. It surprised her if she could even utter a few words in front of him. He would stare at her, as if daring her to move.

Everyday, she would wake up in the morning and make up her mind to stop all the bullying. It made it easier for Jace to bully her into doing things knowing that she wouldn't dare deny. He was used to girls falling at his feet, and swooning at the sight of him. Clary didn't fall at his feet or swoon but her reaction wasn't any better.

Anyways, as she made it out of the school and onto the streets, she saw the amount of people. She had to cross the road. It was a steady rush. She had to cut through the people to even see the road. Her small frame didn't help at all. She was 5-feet-nothing and she was tiny. She couldn't even see over the heads of people. As soon as she was able to see the road, she cursed. It was full. The footpaths were also full. She thought of going by the skywalk. It'll be faster, she thought. As usual, she was wrong.

She blended with the crowd that was heading towards the skywalk. The crowd pushed her forward. She almost tripped on the stairs. Suddenly, a memory of her past popped into her head. She'd tripped the same way and broken her leg. It had scared her badly. She tried to turn around and move the opposite way of the stairs. She was repeatedly pushed backwards. She tried to calm down and stick in the middle of the crowd. The rush was unbelievable. Just how much rush is there at 4 pm?

She made it to the bridge. Halfway, just when she was starting to calm down, she was pushed to the side. The number of people continuously increased. She held onto the railing. The railing wasn't even a proper one. It was just one pole. The bridge was obviously not accustomed to so many people. As the rush increased, she was pushed further outwards. She wasn't able to move forward. Her body was bent at a weird angle, with her upper body out of the shade of the bridge, and her lower body desperately trying to stand upright. She tried screaming for help, but she wasn't heard over the rush and the honking of the cars. Even the red colour of her hair wasn't enough to attract anyone's attention. The rush increased so much, that she was standing on her toes, holding the railing for her life.

She was so scared.

She was hyperventilating.

She was worried.

She felt a surge of panic.

She was exhausted.

She was overcome with emotions. She knew what would happen next. She would pass out and her grip on the railing would loosen. She imagined her body, lying on the road, limbs bent at an awkward angle, and cars running over her body. She pictured her mother, Simon, Isabelle, Luke, crying when they realized they would never see the green-eyed

girl again. She started crying. She remembered the times when her mother would bandage up her wounds, when her father had left the house to never come back again, the time when she'd learnt how to cycle. She remembered her birthday, when they'd all gone for a movie, when she stayed up chatting with Simon. She even remembered Jace. Her life flashed before her eyes. Click! yes, but it was true. She couldn't believe she was going to go down " or rather go up " in this way. At this moment, she forgave everybody who had done something wrong to her. She forgave her mother who had not allowed her to go to the art class that she wanted to go. Even Eric, for making her listen to his horrible poetry. Even Jace. She couldn't believe she was saying this, but she couldn't help it. She accepted the fact that she was going to die.

I'm so sorry. I hope you forgive me she thought, trying to convey her message to all those who cared about her. She tried to calm down. She knew that thinking all of this not going to help. She had no chance and she knew it. The crowd didn't seem to be decreasing.

I swear by the Angel, If I get out of this alive, I'll go kiss Jace in front of everyone! she thought. It was common knowledge that Clary and Jace hated each other. This was a stupid thing, but it was her last chance. She'd heard of incidents like that where the person swore to do something they hated the most. Of course, it could have been coincident, but she had run out of ideas. She wanted to live, so she will live.

Kissing Jace was a dream, and a nightmare. Every girl " even Clary " dreamed of kissing him. There was just one difference. Clary hid it well. It was precisely the reason Jace picked on her. He expected people to be drooling. Not glaring (even weakly). He was like an Angel. Like everyone else, including some boys, she too had fallen for him the moment she'd set her eyes on him. Her fingers had itched to draw him. She had a habit of unconsciously drawing people who interested her. If you properly searched her room, you'd find a number of drawings of him. Clary couldn't believe how a person with such an angelic face was capable of hurting her" of being so evil. She really hated him. He'd embarrassed her in front of everybody and brought her close to tears uncountable times. Jace knew about her attitude, and the sudden change of attitude in front of him, and used it in his advantage. He'd almost dissolved her almost-nothing reputation. She was actually scared of him. If Simon would've heard of what she was thinking right now, he would've been angry.

The most embarrassing thing he'd done to her was what happened today. When he looked at you, it was like he was looking directly into your soul. He'd cornered her in front of the whole school in the cafeteria. He kept coming a step closer, and she moving backwards. Jace was as usual smirking, with an amused expression on his face. He'd backed her into the wall, and put his strong arms on the wall beside her so she couldn't go anywhere. He moved closer to her and whispered in her ears, seductively, just to tease her. She couldn't even remember what he'd told her, just that she was bushing furiously. She saw many glares sent in her way, girls, of course, and surprisingly a few boys too. The thought still sent shivers down her neck.

Suddenly, she was jerked backwards. Her vision was clouded, and there was ringing in her ears.

Great, she thought, now blind and deaf.

Blinking rapidly, she tried to get rid of the cloudiness. The ringing in her ears had subsided. She felt dizzy. Suddenly she was jerked backwards. Whoever saved her was pulling her to the stairs of the Skywalk. For all she knew someone was taking her to some unknown place. She still couldn't see, and it didn't help her heart hammering against her chest.

After a long dose of being pushed around in the Skywalk, almost tripping once in a while, she found herself in one of the tables in Java Jones. With her, sitting across from her was Simon, smiling at her.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"No," she replied truthfully. Her throat was raw from screaming and crying. She heard something scrape against the ground, but before she could figure out what, she was enveloped in a hug. It was warm, and Simon stroked her back. They stayed that way for a while, silently comforting each other. Clary realized this might be a painful position to be in, for she was sitting and Simon was standing and leaning down to hug her. She let go.

"You scared me Fray," he said.

"I'm sorry. I was coming back from school and the sidewalk was full and the crowd was pushing me ahead towards the Skywalk and I thought that I might as well go on that and-"

"Calm down Fray! You're literally rambling. It's okay! Just be careful next time. I doubt anybody would like to know that our fiery Fray fell off a bridge," he joked. "Except maybe Jace. Though I don't think he'd be that low," he added thoughtfully.

Oh shit. Jace. She remembered the vow she had made to the Angel. A look of horror must have crossed her face.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

She didn't reply. Why she'd done that? Oh god. She knew swearing to the Angel was basically like magic. Swear on the Angel? Boom. Wish fulfilled! But she'd heard that you couldn't back out of it. A force would push her towards doing it. She herself had always fulfilled her vows, hardly making many, because of the consequences. It was like a give-and-take. You had to do something to get what you wanted.

"Fray? Are u okay? You look a little green to me." He got up and rubbed her back.

She still didn't reply. Kiss Jace! That was the craziest thought she'd ever had.

"You're seriously scaring me," he said.

"I swore on the Angel," she said softly.

"Andâ€¦| "

"I swore on the Angel that I'd kiss Jace in front of everyone."

"Excuse me?" He moved away from me, as if I'd suddenly transformed into a ghastly creature. He had a look of betrayal on his face. Generally after this came the yelling, then the walking away, and then the-

"Oh god! What did you do Fray? Did u go crazy? Kissing Jace? That is the last thing you should think of doing! You and I. Do you remember how we became friends? They used to bully me and then suddenly you came and we became friends. But you?! I thought of you as the last person to fantasize about Jace, but hear you are! You-"

I cut him off. "Simon! Listen to me! I did it in the heat of the moment. I wanted to live! As crappy as my life is I want to live! That's the reason I chose to do something I'd never want to do even if the sky came crashing down on us! I wasn't thinking! I'm sorry ok? I didn't do it because I wanted to kiss Jace. Kiss Jace?! Pssh! I can't even think of having a civil conversation with him. I don't give a damn of what he does, says, or thinks. I'm really sorry and I thank you for saving my life-"

I was cut off from what I was saying by his lips on mine. I froze, not knowing what to do. I'd never expected this. Finally he broke the kiss.

"I just want you to be happy. I'm sorry for anything that I said. I've loved you since we were ten, and I just got angry when you talked about kissing Jace. I know that you've never thought of me as anything but you're brother, and that's the reason I never told you. I really love you. Just see if you love me too. I know that we're just sixteen and this could be something we think is love, but honestly, I love you. I'd give anything in the world to be with you."

With that he sat back down. The waiter came and he ordered our drinks. I know I should've said something back but I'd really never thought of him as anything but a brother.

He forced a smile, and said "I just expressed my undying love for you. When I thought I'd tell you, I imagined you telling it back to me," he joked.

"I love you too."

With that said they both sat in silence. The drinks arrived, and they sipped it in silence.

"so whatcha gonna do about this Fray? You better kiss Jace. I don't want the Angel punishing you or anything. I'll bear the pain since I know that you're not doing this by choice and that you love me," he joked. Deep down, though he doubted Clary would never love him the way he loved her.

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*Okay. Hello. Not that great chapter. Any suggestions would be welcome. Thanks. \*\*

## **\*\*Chapter 2- The oath\*\***

I woke up to a pounding headache. Looking at the clock, I realized it was already 07:30. School started at 8. I had just fifteen minutes to get ready, eat breakfast and catch the bus. I'd already had bath in the night, so at least I had one less thing to do. I put on some dark blue jeans and a black tank top. I don't generally put on any make-up, just eye liner and lip gloss. The eye liner highlighted my eyes.

I ran down the stairs, grabbed an apple and ran out of the door. Thankfully, the bus stop was just around the corner. I reached there just as the bus pulled in. Once in the bus I searched for Simon, who lived next to my house. He was sitting a few seats away, reading a comic. I sat down next to him, and since we were couple, he looked up and kissed me assuming I'd found love for him. I kissed him back, not knowing what to do. He broke away and smiled.

"You ready?" he asked. \_Kiss Jace!\_

I suddenly remembered. I'd been too caught up in the headache and getting ready. I hadn't slept last night. Simon seemed to know that I just remembered.

"Errâ€| yes. I have to do it in front of everyone. So I think I'll do it between the third and fourth class. Like just after we leave from third hour. I'll change my books and then go and do it. I think majority will see it. But then we have to walk together, basically show them we're together. I don't want people to think I and Jace are secretly together."

"Good idea." Then he went back to reading his comic. I guess even the us-being-couple stuff wasn't enough to change his attitude. I knew he was waiting for my answer, and he wouldn't budge without getting his answer.

"Simon! I love you. You asked me yesterday whether I could even love you the same way as you do. I thought about it. It's just that I only love you as a brother. Please understand. Give me some time." Then I kissed him on his cheek. Just a little peck, as if to seal what I'd said. After that a few times I tried to get his attention but he just ignored me. Okay then. He ignores, I ignore.

The bus reached the school. I got up and walked out before he could say anything. I had work to do. I think he thinks that the world revolves around him. All this love business, plus the kiss, the oath, the homework and trying not sleep in class is too much for me. Let's face it. \_I'm lazy. I'm too lazy to stop being lazy. \_

I turned corridors and reached my locker. I took the books of first three hours and put them in my bag. I had first hour with Simon so I knew I wouldn't be able to avoid him forever. I reached the room a few minutes early. I've heard people stopping others from going to class early because it's a \_fashion.\_

That is the most stupid thing I've ever heard. But anyways, I sit on the third bench. The first benches are for people who are stuck ups to the teachers. The geniuses. The last seats are generally occupied by people who don't care about their studies. Like, they do, but they

come to school just for the sake of it. Sitting on the third bench makes me look like a person who is not a stuck up, but not necessarily a person who's uninterested in studying. This makes my reputation better. Simon comes into the class. I open my sketch book and complete a sketch of a flower.

I hear someone sit beside me. It took him?—? quite a lot of time to come. It seems like he's trying to stay away from me too. I know he's angry but he better watch what he says.

I turn my head towards him and see he has an angry expression.

I ignore him. If he thinks everything is about him, then I seriously don't know what to do. I turn back to the drawing.

"Clary?" he calls. I keep ignoring. I know this is a horrible way to behave with him, but I can't help it. I'm really irritated with him. He calls me again. This time I look at him.

"Hmm?" I say smugly. I'm just imitating him.

He gets an apologetic look on his face.

"I'm sorry ok?" he says. I just nod. He looks like someone slapped him on his face.

"Sorry," I say meekly. Thankfully, the teacher comes in and starts teaching.

\_What the hell am I going to do? I'm the most stupid, crazy, dumbâ€¦\_ I am stopped by the shrill bell. The next to classes pass very fast. I don't understand this. When you want class to get over, each second is like a whole minute. When you're enjoying something, time is running a race.

A minute before break, and my heart is beating like crazy. I'm afraid people will hear it. That stupid minute is going faster then ever. I'm tapping my foot, anxiously waiting for class to get over, not because I want to kiss Jace. I hurl profanities at myself in my mind. What did I do? I'm so gone. So so gone. What will people think of meâ€¦? Will they-

The bell suddenly rings. I take as much time as possible to pack my stuff. I keep dropping the books. Simon told me he'll come and take me. I can do all this time pass, but this is just getting more and more people in the hallway. I see Simon wrestling his way inside the class. I might be looking green because he asked if I'm okay. With a nod, we start walking. Simon holds my hand hard. He's probably breaking it.

I go to my locker, hoping to waste as much time as possible and get an excuse to not kiss Jace. But of course, me being me, the person with the worst luck, I walk into someone. While walking, I look down, trusting Simon to take me the correct way.

I fall down to my knees. The person I ran into has their knees on my mine. I see a flash of gold.

\_Oh shit! I walked into Jace! I'm so bloody gone. What the hell will I do?\_ Then I hear a familiar voice. It's a female. Thank God. It's

Kaelie, the High school slut, wearing almost nothing. She's irritated. Simon is standing beside me trying to get people from coming closer. Then it strikes me. If Kaelie is here, Jace has got to be here too. They hang out together along with all the famous, wanted people.

I quickly get up and try to walk away. But again me being me, with the nervousness, I fall back on her. She cries out, and I'm suddenly surrounded. I know what's gonna happen now. I hear Jace's voice, Aline, Isabelle, Alec, Magnus, Sebastian. Basically the whole group. I get up again. The first thing I see is Jace's chest. My height is less. Really less because of which I can't even reach his mouth.

"What's going on Shortcake?" he asks.

There's something wrong with me. I feel like my legs are pushing me forward. I. Will. Never. Ever. In. A. Million. Years. Ever. Swear. On. The. Angel. Again. I internally slap myself repeatedly enunciating every word.

I gather all my courage and walk towards Jace. As close as I want to go. There's like 2 inches of space between us. I look into his eyes and see the teasing, confident look in them. My face is burning so badly, that I think it's camouflaging with my hair. I stand on my toes and kiss him.

I was planning to just give a light peck, but it doesn't work. His lips are so soft that I want to just dissolve in them. I feel like I'm gonna fall any moment. I hear a squeal behind me. This wakes me up. Every person in the hall is staring at me. Everybody's frozen, unable to move. I wouldn't blame them though. It's not everyday you see someone like me just go and kiss him.

Isabelle was the one who squealed so loudly. I look at her and she's smiling. I look at Jace, he has a shocked look on his face. Though, it's not only shock he felt. There's something in his eyes that makes me unsure of what's happening.

I see Simon staring at me from the side. People have mixed looks on their faces. Jealousy, irritation, shock, lust, anger and basically all emotions. It's my turn to smirk. Kaelie's still on the floor looking like someone punched her. Nobody thought I was capable of doing that. They couldn't believe that Jace hadn't pushed me back. It was quite clear that he had kissed me back.

I smirked a devilish smirk, turned around, took the required books for the classes and started walking towards the class room. Everybody was staring at me. Their eyes followed me around everywhere. It was beginning to get creepy.

Nobody seemed to have woken up. With one last look I walked into the class.

\*\*That's chapter 2. How's it? Not so great. I know. \*\*

End  
file.